

A lamentable new Ballad vpon the Earle of Essex his death.  
To the tune of, The Kings last good-night.



**A**LL you that cry, O hone, O hone  
Come now & sing O Lord with me  
For woe our Ietwell is from vs gone,  
the valiant Knight of Chivalry:  
Of rich and poore beloued was he,  
in time an honourable Knight:  
When by our Lawes condemn'd was he  
and lately tooke his last good-night.  
Count him not like to Campion,  
(these traitterous men) of Babington  
For like the Earle of Westmerland,  
by whom a number were vndone:  
He neuer yet hurt mothers son,  
his quarell still maintain'd the right,  
which makes the teares my cheeks down  
when I think on his last goodnight. (run  
The Portugals can witnesse be,  
his Dagger at Lisbon gate he slung  
And like a Knight of Chivalry,  
his Chaine vpon the same he hung,  
would God that he would thither come  
to fetch them both in order right,  
Which thing was by his honour done,  
yet lately tooke his last good-night.  
The Frenchmen they can testifie,  
the Towne of Gournay he toke in,  
And march'd to Rome immediately,  
not caring for his foes a pin:  
with bullets then he pierc'd their skin  
and made them flee farre fro his sight  
He at that time did credit win,  
and now hath tane his last good-night.  
And statly Cales can witnesse well,  
euen by his Proclamation right:  
He did command them all frately,  
to haue a care of Infants liues:  
That nbe should rashly maid nor wife  
which was against their othe right,  
Therefore they pray'd for his long life  
which lately tooke his last good-night.

would God he had nere Ireland  
nor set his feet on Flanders ground  
Then might we well enjoy our  
where nold our Ietwell will not be  
Which makes our woes still to  
trickling with salt teares in our  
to heare his name in our eares to  
Lord Deuereux took his last good-

A shwednesday that dismall day,  
when he came forth of his chamber  
Upon a Scaffold there he staid,  
his head in a standing him befoe,  
The Nobles all they did deplore,  
shedding their salt teares in  
He said farewell to rich and poore,  
at his good-morrow and good-

By Lords, quoth he, you stand  
to see performance of the Law  
That I that haue deseru'd to dye,  
and yeeld my life vnto the blade,  
I haue deseru'd to dye, I know,  
but nere against my Countrey  
Nor to my Queene was neuer foe,  
vpon my death at my good-night.

farewel Elizabeth my gracious  
God blesse thee & thy Council all  
farewell you Knights of Chivalry  
farewell my Soulers heart and  
farewell the Commons great & lit  
into the hands of men I light.  
My life shall make amends for all,  
for Essex bids the world good-

farewell deare wife & children  
farewell my yong and tender son  
C'fort your selues mourne not for  
although your fall be now begun,  
My time is come, the glass is run,  
comfort your selues, in former  
Seeing by my fall you are vndone,  
your father bids the world good-

Dericke, thou knowest, at Cales I  
thy life, lost for a Rape there done,  
Which thou thy selfe canst testifie,  
thine owne hand thye & twenty  
But now thou seest my time is come,  
by chance into thy hands I light.  
Strike out the blow, that I may know,  
thou Essex lou'd at his good-night.

When England counted me a Papist,  
the woordes of Papists I desie,  
I nere worshipt Saint, nor Image  
nor to the Virgin Mary I, (heauen  
But to Christ, which for my sin did  
trickling with sad teares in his sight,  
Spreading my armes to God on high,  
Lord Iesus receiue my soule this night

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